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✓  
LAYS OF MY HOME,

AND OTHER

P O E M S,

BY

✓  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.



BOSTON :  
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

MDCCCXLIII.

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BOSTON :  
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,  
WASHINGTON STREET.

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TO  
JOHN PIERPONT.

---

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that lay of thine,  
Which like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,  
Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine, —  
Not to the Poet, but the Man I bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering :  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me  
Life all too earnest and its time too short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport ;  
And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought !



LAYS.



## POEMS.

---

### THE MERRIMACK.

---

‘The Indians speak of a beautiful river far to the South, which they call Merrimack.’

SIEUR DE MONTA: 1694.

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There 's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark ;

No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale ;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ; <sup>a</sup>  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his flood ;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agioochook

<sup>a</sup> The celebrated Captain SMITH, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of 'Admiral of New-England,' made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"<sup>a</sup>  
Tributes from vale and mountain side —  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide !

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag ;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story ;<sup>b</sup>  
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters —  
Who, when the chance of war had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs around,

<sup>a</sup> Lake Winnipiseogee — *The Smile of the Great Spirit* — the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

<sup>b</sup> Capt. SMITH gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look ! — the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant shore ;  
And clearly on the calm air swells  
The distant voice of twilight bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin  
The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
While yonder lonely coast-light set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers ! — I have stood  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood ;  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade ;  
Looked down the Appalachian peak  
On Juniata's silver streak ;  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly-winding stream ;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;



And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to thee !  
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;  
And saw amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept ;  
And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some dear familiar face,  
He wept to find the vision flown —  
A phantom and a dream alone !

## THE NORSEMEN.

---

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue rudely chiseled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !  
A relic to the Present cast ;  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
And beating of the waves of Time !  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block ?  
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :  
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
The circles widen to its shore ;

And cultured field and steeped town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,  
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear,  
A spell is in this old gray stone —  
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change ! — the steeped town no more  
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore ;  
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud !  
Spectrally rising where they stood,  
I see the old, primeval wood ;  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
I see its solemn waste expand :  
It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
It arches o'er the valley's rill ;  
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw  
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
Flows on, as it will flow forever !  
I listen, and I hear the low  
Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,  
The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,

And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark ! — from wood and rock flung back,  
What sound comes up the Merrimack ?  
What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
The light spray from each rushing prow ?  
Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?  
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
Of Thulè's night has shown upon ;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way !

Onward they glide — and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew ;  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky :  
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide ;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
The sound of smitten shields I hear,

Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme ;  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among ;  
Or muttered low at midnight's hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune ;  
The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well ;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept with hoary beard and hair  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'T is past — the 'wildering vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes !  
The forest vanishes in air —  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;  
I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again :  
The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone ;  
And if it be the chiseled limb  
Of Berserkar or idol grim —  
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,  
Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love-awakening Siona,

I know not — for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
This glance upon its darkness cast,  
My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,  
Who fashioned so the human mind,  
That, from the waste of Time behind  
A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
Can summon the departed forth ;  
Quicken the Past to life again —  
The Present lose in what hath been,  
And in their primal freshness show  
The buried forms of long ago.  
As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
The frozen solitude of Death,  
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
To whisper — even when it seems  
But Memory's phantasy of dreams —  
Through the mind's waste of wo and sin,  
Of an immortal origin !

## THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

---

In the following ballad, the author has endeavored to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation *at Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. Vide SEWALL'S History, pp. 225-6, G. BISHOP.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise  
to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the  
spoil away, —

Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful  
three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid  
free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison  
bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale  
gleam of stars ;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long  
night time,  
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early  
rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the  
sky ;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed  
to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the  
morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my  
sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for  
and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the  
fold !



Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there — the shrinking  
and the shame ;

And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me  
came :

“ Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ! ” the wicked murmur  
said,

“ Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy  
maiden bed ?

“ Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and  
sweet,

Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant  
street ?

Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sab-  
bath through

Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

“ Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ? — Bethink thee  
with what mirth

Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright  
hearth ;

How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white  
and fair,

On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind  
words are spoken,

Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing  
boys are broken,

No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,  
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters  
braid.

“ Oh ! weak, deluded maiden ! — by crazy fancies led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread ;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and  
sound ;  
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sack-  
cloth-bound.

“ Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things  
divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine ;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory  
lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their  
shame.

“ And what a fate awaits thee ? — a sadly toiling slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to  
the grave !

Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all ! ”

Oh ! — ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's  
fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing  
tears,

I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent  
prayer,  
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak ! — that Thou indeed  
wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-  
shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of  
white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies ! — for the peace  
and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit  
melt ;  
When, " Get behind me, Satan ! " was the language of  
my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sunshine  
fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my  
lonely cell ;  
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from  
the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of pass-  
ing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open  
cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I  
passed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not  
see,  
How, from every door and window, the people gazed  
on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my  
cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs  
grew weak:  
"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul  
cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare — the weakness  
and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in  
morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering  
words like these:  
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a  
brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters  
broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of  
rock;

The merchants-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines  
on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on  
the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and  
grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed  
and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready  
ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff  
and jeer ;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence  
broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the  
meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the  
weak !  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones — go turn the  
prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the  
flock ! "

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper  
red

O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger  
spread ;

" Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, " heed  
not her words so wild,

Her Master speaks within her — the Devil owns his  
child ! "

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while  
the sheriff read

That law the wicked rulers against the poor have  
made,

Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood  
bring

No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning  
said :

Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker  
maid ?

In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or  
Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again he  
cried,

" Speak out, my worthy seamen ! " — no voice or sign  
replied ;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words  
met my ear :

“ God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and  
dear ! ”

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, — a pitying  
friend was nigh,

I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye ;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind  
to me,

Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the  
sea :

“ Pile my ship with bars of silver — pack with coins of  
Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her  
hold,

By the living God who made me ! — I would sooner in  
your bay

Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away ! ”

“ Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel  
laws ! ”

Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people’s  
just applause.

“ Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver  
sold ? ”

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with weapon half way  
drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and  
scorn ;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence  
back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring  
in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul ;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his  
parchment roll.

“ Good friends,” he said, “ since both have fled, the  
ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well re-  
leased.”

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round  
the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go  
my way ;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the  
glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of  
men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed be-  
neath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,



A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and wood-  
land lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the  
bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life ! — to Him all praises  
be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid  
free ;  
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are  
afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor  
is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight  
calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving — pour forth the grateful  
psalm ;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints  
of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men  
of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon  
the strong.  
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !  
Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and  
devour :

But let the humble ones arise, — the poor in heart be  
glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise  
be clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !

## THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.\*

---

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

\* POLAN, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Casco bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot river to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak ;

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried —  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide —  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.\*

'T is done : the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen tree stands up unbent —  
The Indian's fitting monument !

\* The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. François.

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place  
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

O ! long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head —  
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn under-tone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed —  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer ! <sup>a</sup>

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound —  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled !  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !  
Great Nature owns her simple child !

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known —  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who, from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan —  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban  
The spirit of our brother man !

<sup>a</sup> The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present." — WILLIAMSON'S *History of Maine*.

## ST. JOHN.

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The fierce rivalry of the two French officers, left by the death of RAZILLA in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE, inheriting from his father the title of Lord DE LA TOUR, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John's river, was a Protestant; DE AULNEY CHARNISY, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition, conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparing. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: "*Father, forgive them.*" LA TOUR received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by DE AULNEY, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo. 1647. Lady LA TOUR defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, DE AULNEY stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady LA TOUR languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.

"To the winds give our banner!  
Bear homeward again!"



Cried the lord of Acadia,  
Sir Charles of Estienne ;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour<sup>a</sup> had look'd  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell,  
But the men of Monhegan,<sup>b</sup>  
Of Papists abhorr'd,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic lord.

<sup>a</sup> The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

<sup>b</sup> The isle of Monhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemequid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
O ! well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
“ Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love !  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above ? ”

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,

On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt ;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thunder'd no gun !

But, beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

“ Speak, son of the Woman,  
Of scarlet and sin !  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within ? ”  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke :

“ No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball !

On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet’s dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey.”  
“But what of my lady ?”  
Cried Charles of Estienne :  
“On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen :

“Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon !  
But wo to the heretic,  
Evermore wo !  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe !

“In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall !  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment — and then

Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men !

“ Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross and the lilies  
Float over St. John.”  
“ Let the dastard look to it ! ”  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
“ Were D'Aulney King Louis,  
I 'd free her again ! ”

“ Alas, for thy lady !  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free :  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thralldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door ! ”

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour stagger'd back ;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shallop again :  
“ We cruise now for vengeance !  
Give way ! ” cried Estienne.

“ Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot’s wrong,  
And from island and creek-side  
Her fishers shall throng !  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo  
The Puritan’s gun ! ”

O ! the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o’er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him :  
But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on ;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John !

MISCELLANEOUS.





## LINES WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.



On page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless common-place —  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,  
Still with the thought of thee, will blend  
That of some loved and common friend,

Who, in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or laid  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves —  
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness ? —

Oh ! more than specious counterfeit  
 Of sentiment, or studied wit  
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere —  
 A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
 Forbid, disowned, — what do they here ? —

Upon my ear not all in vain  
 Came the sad captive's clanking chain —  
 The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
 Which only wounded spirits know  
 When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
 But in the "temples of the Lord"  
 Thrust out apart like things abhorr'd.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong  
 In words which Prudence smothered long  
 My soul spoke out against the Wrong.

Not mine alone the task to speak  
 Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
 And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From crined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling hoary Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the green sward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright on either hand  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes which still retain,  
Their picture on the heart and brain  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain ! — nor dream, nor rest, nor pause,  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes — from each green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not.

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band —  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn —  
Her gifts reclaimed — her smiles withdrawn.

What matters it ! — a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore !

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here —  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the "better land ;"

Alone in that pure Love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the Past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true ;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not —  
A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
"The sum of human wretchedness,"  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless —

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing, —

Better than Glory's pomp, will be  
That green and blessed spot to me —  
A landmark in Eternity ! —

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my head-stone creep,

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine,

If words my lips once uttered still  
 In the calm faith and steadfast will  
 Of other hearts, their work fulfill,

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
 These tokens, and its eye discern,  
 The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
 The spirit hath its life again,  
 In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
 No gay and graceful offering —  
 No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,  
 With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
 My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
 A sense of suffering human kind —  
 The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
 By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride ;  
 Life's common courtesies denied :

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
 Children by want and misery nursed,  
 Tasting Life's bitter cup at first.

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth — and crowded room,  
And the dark alley's noisome gloom, —

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
'Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

## LUCY HOOPER.<sup>a</sup>

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THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead —  
That all of thee we loved and cherished,  
Has with thy summer roses perished ;  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead —  
The twilight of a parted day  
Where fading light is cold and vain ;  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart — that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true and good ;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and the best.  
Of them — of thee remains there nought  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast ? —  
A shadow in the land of thought ?

<sup>a</sup> Died in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.



No! — Even *my* weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.  
Even as thou wast I see thee still ;  
And, save the absence of all ill,  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow —  
Of all we knew and loved in thee —  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality !  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of old —  
Unbodied — like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold ;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one —  
In blank annihilation blest ;

Dust-atoms, of the Infinite —  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain,  
Their old unconsciousness again.  
No! — I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land —  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
    Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came ;  
Their change — the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking —  
    A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee 'midst the household graves,  
    Where father, brother, sister lie ;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
    Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer,  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;  
And owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,

And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
A spirit filled the vast machine —  
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee  
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
Which opens on eternity.  
Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set —  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong —  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.  
All lovely things by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;  
These green hills, where thy childhood roved —  
Yon river winding to the sea —  
The sunset light of autumn eves

Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods, —  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;  
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

## FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON "THE FUTURE STATE."

---

FRIEND of my soul ! — as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me ! — at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith, and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth.

Lifting the Future's solemn veil,  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land !

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they wrought ?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought ?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN ! — not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burden of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh ! while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall —  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all ! —

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown ;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain ; —

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their tears ; —

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet ;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh ! — at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight ;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain  
The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between ;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
Th' ideal of the Pure and True  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine ;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.



But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb, —  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us, still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze ere long shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee, —  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee, —

We leave thee, with a trust serene  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love !

TO A FRIEND,  
ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

---

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
    Light-hearted rover !  
Old walls of chateaux gray,  
Towers of an early day  
Which the Three Colors play  
    Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine :  
    Now midst the splendor  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
    Lovely and tender.

Vales, soft, Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
    Of Mirza, when, dreaming,

He saw the long hollow dell  
Touched by the prophet's spell  
Into an ocean swell  
    With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapt in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
    Autumn's blue heaven :  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain side,  
Waiting their hour to glide  
    Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old  
Baron's and robber's hold,  
    Peacefully flowing ;  
Sweeping through vineyards green,  
Or where the cliffs are seen  
O'er the broad wave between  
    Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
Swells o'er eternal Rome  
    Vast, dim, and solemn, —  
Hymns ever chanting low —  
Censers swung to and fro —  
Sable stoles sweeping slow  
    Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all  
Will there not voices call  
    Evermore back again ?  
In the mind's gallery  
Wilt thou not ever see  
Dim phantoms beckon thee  
    O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt —  
New voices softly chant —  
    New faces greet thee ! —  
Pilgrims from many a shrine  
Hallowed by poet's line  
At memory's magic sign  
    Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
Unto thy olden home,  
    Will they not waken  
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
Led thee o'er sea and land  
Back to the household band  
    Whence thou wast taken ?

While at the sunset time,  
Swells the cathedral's chime,  
    Yet, in thy dreaming,  
While to thy spirit's eye

Yet the vast mountains lie  
Piled in the Switzer's sky  
Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer  
Be the wild picture there  
In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day  
Him, who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
As to all given,  
Sill may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
Gladness in Heaven !

## R A P H A E L .<sup>a</sup>

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I SHALL not soon forget that sight :  
The glow of Autumn's westering day,  
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
The fair face of a musing boy ;  
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe  
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print : — the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
I saw the inward spirit shine ;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine.

<sup>a</sup> Suggested by a portrait of Raphael at the age of fifteen, in the possession of Thomas Tracy, of Newburyport.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand ?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished, — space  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
Oh Mother, beautiful and mild !  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;  
The awful glory of that day  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst grey prophet forms, and wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught ;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colours all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.



Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side ?

Oh no ! — We live our life again :  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain, —  
Man's works shall follow him !

## DEMOCRACY.

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All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. — MATTHEW vii. 12.

OH, fairest born of Love and Light,  
Yet bending brow and eye severe  
On all which pains the holy sight  
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown ;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred — though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride ;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time !  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn —  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all* divine —  
The pitying heart — the helping arm —  
The prompt self-sacrifice — are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAN  
In prince or peasant — slave or lord —  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set —  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the cold and shallow fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art,  
He who of old on Syria's mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high —  
Thy mission to a world of wo.

That voice's echo hath not died !  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded Party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
At Party's call, my gift I bring ;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering ;

The voiceless utterance of his will —  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of its generous youth.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON READING SEVERAL PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWES.

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### I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made  
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head ;  
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,  
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,  
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,  
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest, — and incense dim  
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,  
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,  
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore !

### II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly “doing good,”  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,

And even the poor companions of His lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,  
    How ill are His high teachings understood !  
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
    At His own altar binds the chain anew ;  
Where he hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
    The starving many wait upon the few ;  
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been  
The loudest war-cry of contending men ;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed  
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,  
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;  
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
And daily taught His lesson — to forgive ! —  
    Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel ;  
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,  
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,  
    And the grim horror of the straining wheel ;  
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,  
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim  
    The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to  
    him !

## III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,  
    And beaded with its red and ghastly dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy Land —  
    The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew —

The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear —  
Goa's dark dungeons — Malta's sea-washed cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,  
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of Hell !  
The midnight of Bartholomew — the stake  
Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake —  
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear might claim, —  
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One !  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name  
been done !

## IV.

Thank God ! that I have lived to see the time  
When the great truth begins at last to find  
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME !  
That Man is holier than a creed, — that all  
Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.  
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught  
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
Into the common mind and popular thought ;  
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,



Have found an echo in the general heart,  
And of the public faith become a living part.

## v.

Who shall arrest this tendency ? — Bring back  
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack ?  
Harden the softening human heart again,  
To cold indifference to a brother's pain ?  
Ye most unhappy men ! — who, turned away  
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,

Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,  
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood  
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,

Permitted in another age and clime ?

Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
Rebuked the pagan's mercy, when he knew  
No evil in the Just One ? — Wherefore turn  
To the dark cruel past ? — Can ye not learn  
From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free  
Is the great Gospel of Humanity ?

The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more  
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
Through the green arches of the Druid's oak ;  
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
Will ye become the Druids of *our* time ?

Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,  
And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,

Urge to its loathsome work the Hangman's hand ?

Beware — lest human nature, roused at last,  
From its peeled shoulder your incumbrance cast,  
And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,  
Rank ye with those who led their victims round  
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven — a pagan brother-  
hood !

## THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.\*

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### I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
And green and meadow freshness, fell  
The footsteps of his dream.  
Again from careless feet the dew  
Of summer's misty morn he shook ;  
Again with merry heart he threw  
His light line in the rippling brook.  
Back crowded all his school-day joys —  
He urged the ball and quoit again,

\* Some of the leading sectarian papers have lately published the letter of a clergyman, giving an account of his attendance upon a criminal, (who had committed murder during a fit of intoxication,) at the time of his execution, in Western New York. The writer describes the agony of the wretched being — his abortive attempts at prayer — his appeal for life — his fear of a violent death ; and, after declaring his belief that the poor victim died without hope of salvation, concludes with a warm eulogy upon the Gallows, being more than ever convinced of its utility by the awful dread and horror which it inspired.

And heard the shout of laughing boys  
Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
Again he felt the western breeze,  
Its scent of flowers and crisping hay ;  
And down again through wind-stirred trees  
He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
An angel in Home's vine-hung door,  
He saw his sister smile once more ;  
Once more the truant's brown-locked head  
Upon his mother's knee was laid,  
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
With evening's holy hymn and prayer !

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
The present Terror rushed again —  
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain !  
He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,  
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din  
His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in ;  
To see within his prison-yard,  
Through the small window, iron-barred,  
The Gallows shadow rising dim  
Between the sunrise heaven and him, —  
A horror in God's blessed air —  
A blackness in His morning light —  
Like some foul devil-altar there  
Built up by demon hands at night.

And, maddened by that evil sight,  
Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
A chaos of wild weltering change,  
All power of check and guidance gone,  
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.  
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
In vain he turned the holy Book,  
He only heard the Gallows-stair  
Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
While still that baleful spectre stood,  
With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood !*"  
Between him and the pitying Heaven !

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
And smote his breast, and on his chain  
Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
His hot tears fell like rain ;  
And near him, with the cold, calm look  
And tone of one whose formal part,  
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
Is measured out by rule and book,  
With placid lip and tranquil blood,  
The Hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
Blessing with solemn text and word  
The Gallows-drop and strangling cord ;  
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow —  
The sweat of anguish starting there —  
The record of a nameless woe  
In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
Seen hideous through the long, damp hair —  
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
Working and writhing on the stone ! —  
And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
The choaking sob and low hoarse prayer ;  
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came  
A vision of th' eternal flame —  
Its smoking cloud of agonies —  
Its demon-worm that never dies —  
The everlasting rise and fall  
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;  
While high above that dark red flood,  
Black, giant-like, the Gallows stood :  
Two busy fiends attending there ;  
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
The other, with impatient grasp,  
Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp !

## V.

The unfelt rite at length was done —  
The prayer unheard at length was said —  
An hour had passed : — the noon-day sun  
Smote on the features of the dead !

And he who stood the doomed beside,  
Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
Of mortal agony and fear,  
Heeding with curious eye and ear  
Whate'er revealed the keen excess  
Of man's extremest wretchedness :  
And who in that dark anguish saw  
    An earnest of the victim's fate,  
The vengeful terrors of God's law,  
    The kindlings of Eternal Hate —  
The first drops of that fiery rain  
Which beats the dark red realm of Pain, —  
Did he uplift his earnest cries  
    Against the crime of Law, which gave  
    His brother to that fearful grave,  
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,  
    And Faith's white blossoms never wave  
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ; —  
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
In madness and in blindness stark,  
Into the silent, unknown dark ?  
No — from the wild and shrinking dread  
With which he saw the victim led  
    Beneath the dark veil which divides  
Ever the living from the dead,  
    And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
The man of prayer can only draw  
New reasons for his bloody Law ;

New faith in staying Murder's hand  
By murder at that Law's command ;  
New reverence for the Gallows-rope,  
As human nature's latest hope ;  
Last relic of the good old time,  
When Power found license for its crime,  
And held a writhing world in check  
By that fell cord about its neck ;  
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,  
And timely checked the words which sprung  
From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;  
While in its noose of terror bound,  
The Church its cherished union found,  
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
The motley-colored mind of man,  
Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
But by the Bible and the Cord !

## VI.

Oh, Thou ! at whose rebuke the grave  
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
The cold and changéd countenance  
Broke the still horror of its trance,  
And waking, saw with joy above,  
A brother's face of tenderest love ;  
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,



And from thy very garment's hem  
Drew life and healing unto them,  
The burden of Thy holy faith  
Was love and life, not hate and death  
Man's demon ministers of Pain,  
The fiends of his revenge, were sent  
From Thy pure Gospel's element  
To their dark home again.  
Thy name is Love ! What, then, is he,  
Who in that name the Gallows rears,  
An awful altar built to Thee,  
With sacrifice of blood and tears ?  
Oh, once again Thy healing lay  
On the blind eyes which know Thee not ;  
And let the light of Thy pure day  
Melt in upon his darkened thought.  
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
The power which in Forbearance lies,  
And let him feel that Mercy now  
Is better than old sacrifice !

## VII.

As on the White Sea's<sup>a</sup> charmed shore,  
The Parsee sees his holy hill

<sup>a</sup> Among the Tartars, the Caspian is known as *Akdingis*, that is, White Sea. Baku, on its Persian side, is remarkable for its perpetual fire, scarcely discoverable under the pitchy clouds of smoke from the bitumen which feeds it. It is the natural fire-altar of the old Persian worship.

With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,  
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
    The low, pale fire is quivering still ;  
So underneath its clouds of sin,  
    The heart of man retaineth yet  
Gleams of its holy origin ;  
    And half-quenched stars that never set,  
Dim colors of its faded bow,  
    And early beauty, linger there,  
And o'er its wasted desert blow  
    Faint breathings of its morning air.  
Oh ! never yet upon the scroll  
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
    Hath Heaven inscribed " DESPAIR ! "  
Cast not the clouded gem away,  
Quench not the dim but living ray —  
    My brother man, Beware !  
With that deep voice which from the skies  
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
    God's angel cries, FORBEAR !

## THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

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IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a Cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Grey Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering day —  
Grim as the idols at their side  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill ;  
The cloud-fire on their eye-balls blazed,  
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?  
The Moslem's sunset-call — the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids — the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag, and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf,  
Of which the wandering Jogeess sing :  
Which lends once more to wintry Age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh ! — if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree,  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed  
In answer to the breath of prayer  
Upon the waiting head :

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But, on the fainting soul to shed  
A light and life divine :

Shall we grow weary in our watch  
And murmur at the long delay ?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way ?

Or, shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong :  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,  
Than " watch one hour " in humbling prayer :  
Life's " great things," like the Syrian lord  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But Oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save :  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

## CHALKLEY HALL.\*

---

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies ! —

Here while the market murmurs, while men throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

\* Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the " Friends " denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1833, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford, frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

Oh ! once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic dies away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain ! —

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air  
Old feelings waken ;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,  
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood :  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain,  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children, and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.



And here his neighbor's gathered in to greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,  
And vex the Carrib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
Raised up in life and power :

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
Upon its life-long pain :

How the armed warrior sate him down to hear  
Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud Ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm —  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade —  
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps  
His vigils still ;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vaucuse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the grey walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange grove  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love  
Like sister pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given ;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven !

## TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.\*

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God bless ye, brothers! — In the fight  
Ye 're waging now, ye cannot fail,  
For better is your sense of right  
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go — let your bloated Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of Heaven or hell.

\* It can scarcely be necessary to say that the author refers to those who are seeking the reform of political evils in Great Britain, by peaceful and christian means — the National Complete Suffrage Association, at the head of which stands JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham.

Let the State scaffold rise again —  
Did Freedom die when Russel died ?  
Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong ;  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these ;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses !

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide ;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love ; — your battle-ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of power ;  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour !

And Thou who, with undoubting eye,  
Through present cloud and gathering storm  
Canst see the span of Freedom's sky  
And sunshine soft and warm, —

Oh, pure Reformer ! — not in vain  
Thy generous trust in human kind ;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain,  
Thy peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on ! — the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's Good Old Cause.

Blessing the Cotter and the Crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup ;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on ! — and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight,  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the Right !

## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.<sup>a</sup>

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THE blast from Freedom's northern hills, upon its  
Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay : —  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's  
peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horse-  
men's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-  
ways go —  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;  
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their er-  
rands far,  
A thousand sails of Commerce swell, but none are  
spread for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy words and  
high,

<sup>a</sup> Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk (Va.) in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.

Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along  
our sky ;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest la-  
bor here ;  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in  
fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.  
George's bank,  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and  
dank ;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are  
the hearts which man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of  
Cape Ann.

The cold North light, and wintry sun glare on their icy  
forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with  
the storms ;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves  
they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their  
rocky home.

What means the old Dominion ? Hath she forgot the  
day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's  
steel array ?

How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts  
men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Corn-  
wallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Fan-  
euil Hall ?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on  
each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of 'LIBERTY  
OR DEATH !'

What asks the Old Dominion ? If now her sons have  
proved  
False to their father's memory — false to the faith they  
loved ;  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter  
spurn,  
Must *we* of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn ?

*We* hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful  
hell —  
*Our* voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhounds'  
yell —  
*We* gather, at your summons, above our fathers'  
graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar horns to tear your wretched  
slaves !



Thank God ! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts  
bow,  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now ;  
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and  
calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave  
and tool !

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State  
may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day ;  
But that one dark loathsome burden, ye must stagger  
with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have  
sown !

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden  
God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's  
wild despair ;  
Cling closer to the 'cleaving curse' that writes upon  
your plains,  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of  
chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is  
sold —

Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market  
value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the  
slaver's den !

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian  
name ;  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest  
weeds of shame ;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe —  
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame,  
and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's  
shrine hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's  
mountain men :  
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering  
still  
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for  
his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's  
warning spoke ;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city  
broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud  
reply ;

Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling  
summons rang,

And up from bench and loom and wheel her young me-  
chanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex — of thousands as  
of one —

The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington —  
From Norfolk's ancient villages ; from Plymouth's  
rocky bound

To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her  
round ;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the  
calm repose

Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua  
flows,

To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain  
larches stir,

Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry of ' God save  
Latimer ! '

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea  
spray —

And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragan-  
sett Bay !

Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the  
thrill,  
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down  
from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts ! Of her free sons and  
daughters —  
Deep calling unto deep aloud — the sound of many  
waters !  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power  
shall stand ?  
*No fetters in the Bay State ! No slave upon her land !*

Look to it well, Virginians ! In calmness we have borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your  
scorn ;  
You 've spurned our kindest counsels — you 've hunted  
for our lives —  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles  
and gyves !

We wage no war — we lift no arm — we fling no torch  
within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil  
of sin ;  
We leave ye with your bondmen — to wrestle while ye  
can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul  
of man !

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have  
given

For Freedom and humanity, is registered in Heaven :

*No slave-hunt in our borders — no pirate on our strand !*

*No fetters in the Bay State — no slave upon our Land !*

## LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

---

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."—HOLY WRIT.

YES — pile the marble o'er him ! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow men,  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,  
The angel utterance of an upright mind, —  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame !

TO —.

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.\*

---

MAIDEN ! with the fair brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still abide —  
Instinct take the place of Duty —  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with a power like Midas,  
All things into gold.

\* "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies ;

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But, upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies ;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.



All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed —  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest :

• That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-wrapt Zoroaster  
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth  
With a deep and strong beseeching,  
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH ?

Hollow creed and ceremonial  
Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull, and cold, and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings  
Only wake a quiet scorn, —  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even  
On thy Mother Nature's breast,  
Thou methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and Peace, and Rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,  
Beautiful and frail !

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters,  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin ;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the dark Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and sky,<sup>a</sup>  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

<sup>a</sup> August. Sililoq. cap. xxxi. "Interrogavi Terram," &c.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature taught —  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end, —

Not to idle dreams and trances  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin.

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart and weapon strong,  
In the power of Truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet !  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages —  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught : —

Beauty, such as Goethe pictures  
Such as shines in Richter's lay,  
Shed its living warmth and brightness  
Round that poor man's way.

Not a vain and cold ideal  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather  
Round that meek and suffering one —  
Glorious, like the Seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee —  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look ! —

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a childlike faith, —

Thou may'st live to bless the giver  
Who himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek ;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

## MEMORIES.

---

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl  
With step as soft as summer air,  
And fresh young lip and brow of pearl  
Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair :  
A seeming child in everything  
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms,  
As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful bower,  
Leaf after leaf serenely bright  
And stainless in its holy white  
Unfolding like a morning flower :  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute  
With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain  
Of memory at the thought of thee ! —  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,  
Old dreams come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives again in me ;  
I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
Its fulness of the heart is mine  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again arise  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes  
With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,  
And smiles and tones more dear than they !

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
And folly's self seemed wise in thee,  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.



Years have passed on, and left their trace  
Of graver care and deeper thought ;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
On Life's rough blasts for blame or praise  
The school-boy's name has widely flown ;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
Our still diverging paths incline,  
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
While answers to my spirit's need  
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.  
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day and solemn psalm,  
For me the silent reverence where  
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
An impress Time has worn not out,  
And something of myself in thee,  
A shadow from the past, I see  
Lingering even yet thy way about ;  
Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
That lesson of its better hours,  
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eye  
The clouds about the present part,  
And, smiling through them, round us lie  
Soft hues of Memory's morning sky —  
The Indian summer of the heart,  
In secret sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling which retain  
Their pure fresh flow, we yet may find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

## THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.\*

---

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout Monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
Like the night-mare in one's sleep.  
But he drank of the wine, and Sinbad cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

\* From unpublished "Papers of a Quiet Man."

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fire-side nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell :  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
And two grey eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that fat old man !

He comes with a careless " how d' ye do,"  
And seats himself in my elbow chair ;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look,  
Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list and the *jeu d' esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone, —  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

Oh ! sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams.

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns from the self-same book —  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe, —

Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low

Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,

Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear ! —

Oh, pity me then when, day by day,

The stout fiend darkens my parlor door ;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music the night before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,

I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;  
I topple the chains, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size,  
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horse shoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge they say  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

“ *Conjuro te, scleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum !* ” — still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me —  
The exorcism has lost its skill ;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah ! — commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her seven-fold plagues—to the wandering Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew.  
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man ! —

## THE RELIC.

---

Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to Free Discussion, and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood work which the fire had spared.

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth ;  
With honest pride the gift I take  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere,  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear —  
Earth's noblest aim — man's holiest thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought !



Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
In beauty blossoming :  
And buds of feeling pure and good  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine — a brand  
Plucked from its burning ! — let it be  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me ! —  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft !

Oh ! if the young enthusiast bears  
O'er weary waste and sea the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs  
Or round the Parthenon ;  
Or olive-bough from some wild tree,  
Hung over old Thermopylæ :

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary, —  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story, —  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the grey rock by Druids blessed ! —

If Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn —  
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows! —

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories  
To this memorial cling?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned —  
Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
Lifting on high with hands unstained  
Thanksgiving unto God;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding:

Where midst the sound of rushing feet  
And curses on the night air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
From woman's earnest tongue;  
And, Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That Temple now in ruin lies, —  
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a Nation's sight  
A grave-stone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying!  
A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine  
Oh, holy Freedom! — hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign  
To testify of thee;  
And grasping it methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND  
LEGEND."

---

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning !  
Its rites fordone — its guardians dead —  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning ! —  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak !  
No more along the shadowy glen,  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men ;  
No more the unquiet church-yard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone ;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone !  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,

No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;  
No pale, blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes ! —  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring,  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broom-stick nags ;  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;  
No more their mimic tones be heard —  
The mew of cat — the chirp of bird,  
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
Of the fell demon following after !

The cautious good-man nails no more  
A horse-shoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit —  
The good-wife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses,  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned !  
*Our* witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features —  
Their sorcery — the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;

Or that low breathed and gentle tone  
The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,  
Along the charmed Ausonian shore !  
Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn —  
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her ;  
And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress, free,  
Hath found no gray and skilled invader :  
So perished Albion's " glammarye,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
His charmed torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;  
And nought above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
Whate'er its nature, form or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise —  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his " catechize,"  
Or, " Webster's Spelling Book."

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"There are few living poets, who can be compared with Tennyson, in those peculiar distinctive qualities, which raise the true poet to that quick apprehension of spiritual beauty, which furnishes him with perpetual inspiration, and to the glad world an overflowing song."

## POETICAL WORKS.

### 3. REJECTED ADDRESSES, OR THE NEW THEATRUM POETARUM; by Horace and James Smith; from the 19th London edition, carefully revised, with an original preface and notes.

"Many who recollect this work from the time of its first appearance, will be glad to see it again, and those who now read it for the first time will find in it a rich fund of humor."

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### 4. THE AGE OF GOLD, AND OTHER POEMS; by George Lunt.

"The first poem is a rare production for the present age, both in its thought, and poetical arrangement; it is a gem-like work, stamped with truth and beauty, and having a high *morale* about it, which perfects a composition possessing all the elements of true poesy."

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*Extract from the Preface.* "This volume has been written literally among birds and flowers; and has been my pleasant occupation through the last summer months; and now it is completed, my earnest wish is, that it may convey to many a young heart a relish for the enjoyment of quiet country pleasures; a love for every living creature, and that strong sympathy which must grow in every pure heart for the great human family."



## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

6. **COPLAS DE DON JORGE MANRIQUE**, translated from the Spanish, with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain; by Professor Henry W. Longfellow, author of "Voices of the Night," "Ballads," &c. "Oltre Mer," "Hyperion," &c. &c.

The object of this little work is to place in the hands of the lovers of Spanish literature the most beautiful moral poem of that language. The original is printed with the translation.

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## Miscellaneous Books.

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### CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER; BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR; from the last London edition.

"The American publisher having received orders for this work which he was unable to fulfil in this country or in England, has been induced to issue the present edition. To those who became acquainted with it twenty years since in the pages of the London Magazine, as well as to those whose knowledge of it is only traditional, he trusts its reappearance will not be unwelcome. As for the authorship and authenticity of these "Confessions," the former has been attributed without denial to De Quincey, and the latter is believed to be unquestionable."

"De Quincey states the pleasures and pangs of an opium eater from personal experience. The motive which impelled him to write the book was to warn others of the Circean spells which the drug cast round its victims, and to expose many of the errors and absurdities into which physicians had fallen from a lack of experimental knowledge of its effects. His confessions were not obtruded upon the public to excite interest or commiseration

## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

for himself, and to add one more book to the satanic and convulsive school of literature, for he allows that "nothing is more revolting to English feelings than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice the moral scars or ulcers, and tearing away that 'decent drapery,' which time or indulgence to human frailty,' may have drawn over them." The author deemed that the class of opium eaters was much larger than most people supposed, and that ignorance of its inevitable effects led many into the practice to assuage pain. It is well known that Coleridge died a martyr to it.

Of the literary merits of De Quincy's book, no reader of taste can be insensible. There is a naturalness about the confessions which impresses the reader with their truth. The style of the work is excellent,—at times flowing along majestically, and bearing upon its bosom the grandest and most beautiful thoughts and images, and at others dashing by with a quick, rapid motion, and sparkling with wit. There is a slender vein of autobiography running through the book, which adds much to its interest, and the reader closes it with an intense sympathy for the author, and an earnest wish that he had amplified his confessions in a larger volume."

**COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN**, considered in relation to External Objects, with an Additional Chapter on the Harmony between Phrenology and Revelation; by Joseph A. Warne, A. M.

This valuable work has already reached the 14th edition in this country, and has been very much enlarged. It is universally acknowledged to be one of the most important books that has yet appeared, as the subjects of which it treats are all entitled to the highest consideration. Among its contents are embraced remarks on the natural laws of man; on the constitution of man, and its relation to external objects; on the sources of human happiness, and the conditions requisite for maintaining it; on the application of the natural laws to the practical arrangements of life; on the calamities arising from infringements of the laws of nature; on punishments, &c. &c.

This volume is published by William D. Ticknor, to whom orders for single copies, or quantities at a liberal discount, may be addressed. Every family in our country should be supplied with copies, and no public or private library should be without them.

**MENTAL CULTURE; OR THE MEANS OF DEVELOPING THE HUMAN FACULTIES**; by J. L. Levison.

*Extract of a Letter to the Publishers, by a Minister in the vicinity of Boston.*—"I am gratified to learn that you have concluded

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to republish Levison's *Mental Culture*. I have read it with great interest, and conceive that the principles upon which he recommends the education of youth to be conducted, are those which correspond with the nature of man. To most persons in this country they are new, but they will not, therefore, be condemned. This, surely, is the last nation on earth, in which an old error should be preferred to a new truth. The science on which Levison's work is based, will not long, in America, be accounted "a system of fortune telling," when it shall be seen (as it will be) that, by discovering more fully man's nature, or what he is, it affords the greatest facilities, by the education of his Feelings, and Intellectual Faculties and Moral Sentiments, for rendering him *what he ought to be*. To teachers and parents it cannot be too strongly recommended, as acquainting them with mind, the material on which they are daily operating, and as suggesting to them the proper modes of operation. I am pleased, too, at the pointed references to the great truths of natural and revealed religion, and to some of the leading duties of practical piety, especially prayer. These might indeed have been more numerous, but I greet the few I find, joyfully; because, coming, as they do, from the advocate of a philosophy charged with uprooting the foundations of religion, they afford proof that that philosophy is slandered in these imputations."

*From Rev. J. Pierpont.* — "An excellent little book for teachers; it is indeed invaluable to any one who would know what man is, or *how* he may be made *what* he may be made."

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*Boston Morning Post.*

"I received with much pleasure a copy of your late edition of the New Testament. It is one of the most beautiful books that I

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have ever seen, and I rejoice that the same skill and taste in typography, which have been so successfully employed in rendering other subjects and books attractive, have been so happily applied in this instance to the sacred writings. I attach a high moral importance to such editions. I believe that among persons not religiously interested in the Bible, respect and reverence for it have been diminished by the uncomely form in which it is most frequently seen." *Extract of a letter from Rev. Andrew P. Peabody.*

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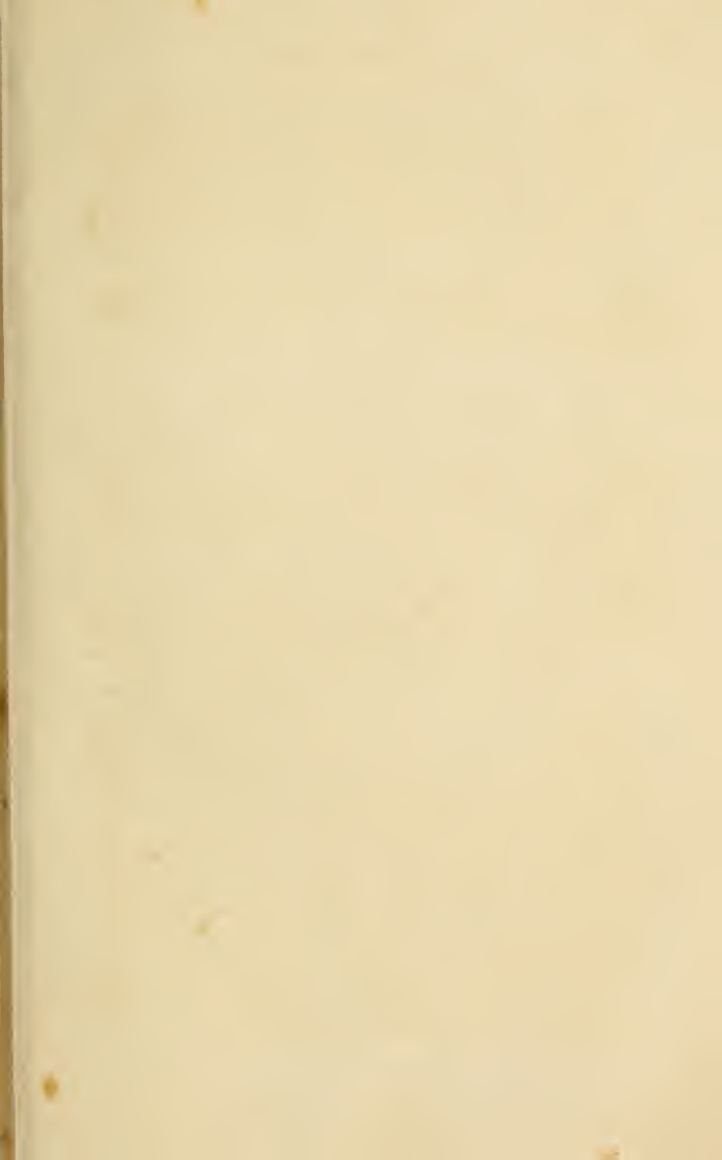
## PHILLIPS'S MINERALOGY.

*IN PRESS*, and will shortly be published, by William D. Ticknor, a new edition of PHILLIPS'S MINERALOGY, much enlarged and improved; edited by Francis Alger, member of the American Academy of Sciences, of the Boston Society of Natural History, &c. &c.

The additions will consist of the new minerals discovered since the date of the last English edition, as made known in the principal foreign and American scientific journals and reports, together with all the important facts and observations which have been communicated through the same sources that tend to enlarge our knowledge of this most interesting department of natural science.

Much new matter has been added to the crystallographical part of the treatise, and about fifty new figures have been added to the Introduction, besides original drawings of natural crystals among the descriptions of species. Considerable additions have also been made to the chemical part, with the analyses of new and interesting species by Messrs. Jackson and Hayes. The composition of the minerals will be given in the usual percentage form, and then by formulæ expressions the atomic proportions of their ingredients. The aim has been by the editor to make it a useful and acceptable treatise and text-book for the student.

The publisher would add that Phillips's Treatise has proved the most popular book ever published on Mineralogy, and the late fourth edition, by Mr. Allan, is now nearly out of print. Professor Brande, in his Dictionary of Science, thus alludes to this work. "One of the most useful *practical* works on mineralogy, and, in our language at least, the most available for the use of the student, is Mr. Allan's edition of the elementary introduction to that science by the late Mr. William Phillips."





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